

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- ☒ Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- ☒ Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☐ Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☒ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.

☐ Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
☐	☒	☐	☐	☐	☐
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- ☒ Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☒ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- ☒ Showthrough/
Transparence
- ☒ Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☐ Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- ☐ Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- ☐ Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- ☐ Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- ☐ Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- ☐ Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

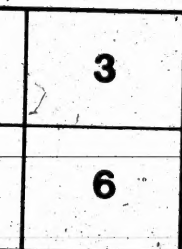
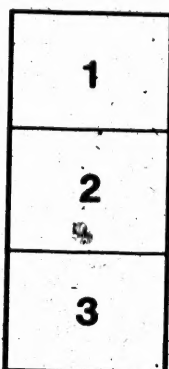
Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library,
University of Toronto Library

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole $\rightarrow$ signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



THE
LIFE OF
JOHN F. KELLEY

DEDICATED TO ALL HIS FRIENDS
BY
JOHN F. KELLEY AND HIS WIFE, MARY
J. KELLEY
NEW YORK
PUBLISHED BY
J. KELLEY & CO.

4th AND 5th EDITION.

(4th and 5th thousand)

—OF—

MCCULLIN'S WORKS.

BY T. J. MCCULLIN.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

This book is respectfully dedicated to all its readers.

FOR SALE BY

T. J. MCCULLIN AND HIS WIFE, MINNIE.

Address,

166 WEST 8th STREET,

OSWEGO, N. Y.

God says:—"And I will bring the blind by a way that they know not, I will lead them in paths that they have not known. I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do, unto them and not forsake them."—Isaiah xlii : 16.

McKay Printing Co., Hamilton, Ont.

1880.

Hall
Mo

48262

4th AND 5th EDITION.

McCULLIN'S WORKS

BY T. J. MCCULLIN.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

T. J. MCCULLIN, 100 N. 3rd St., PHILADELPHIA.

OSWEGO, N. Y.

Published by T. J. McCullin, 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Copyright, 1884, by T. J. McCullin.
All rights reserved.

Printed by T. J. McCullin, 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

an.
e
-1-
ny
ne
and
not
me
mig
in t
Wh
milit
mak
stra
thou
coat
wha
and
me f
happ
much
stair
being
not
leave
"I
want
1st
2nd
duty

PREFACE.

I go around alone, simply by feeling my way with my cane, and I know God directs me. When children follow me I cannot well find my way, so please do not let your children follow me. I do not go around rainy days, for I might get sick and it might cost more to heal me than I could make. I do not work in the winter, because the snow stops the sound of my cane. When I try to find the gates, the snow on the fences wets my mittens through, and the cold frosty winds chill my hands and make them numb so I cannot feel my books. When I go into a strange place the first time, I put up at a hotel for any price, though I do not like to stay where liquor is sold, or boarding costs too much. Then I distribute some advertisements, and when I go around to collect, I tell the people my stopping place, and the price I pay, and some kind family takes me and boards me for less. I nearly always pay full board, but if anybody happens to board me for nothing I am thankful. I do not give much trouble; I can feed myself, and can go up and down stairs as well as you can, and learn my way about the house by being showed a few times. Please take me to board if I have not found a suitable place at a reasonable price, and do not leave it for some body else to do, for if every one should say, "I cannot accommodate him," I might die in the street for want of a respectable and suitable shelter.

THE OBJECT OF THIS BOOK.

- 1st. To tell the truth, regardless of consequences.
- 2nd. To remind some seeing people of their true Christian duty to the blind.

3rd. To be a means of support for my wife and myself. I intentionally avoid the rules of grammar and rhetoric to make this book so simple in language that all its readers can understand it. I sell this book—First, because it is the result of my education which the good people of New York State gave me free of charge. Second, because it is my own composition and worth 15 cents. Third, because it is one of my best means of support, and may be the same to my wife in case of my death. Fourth, because some seeing people, who can live otherwise, sell books of their own composition, or some other persons, and I have the same right. I am trying to make an honest living and keep out of the poor house or any asylum, governed by rules which diminish the number of kinds of privileges God has left to the blind.

THE OBJECT OF THIS BOOK.
1st. To tell the truth, regardless of consequences.
2nd. To reveal some seeing people of their true condition
3rd. To show the blind that they are not alone in the world.
4th. To show the blind that they are not alone in the world.
5th. To show the blind that they are not alone in the world.
6th. To show the blind that they are not alone in the world.
7th. To show the blind that they are not alone in the world.
8th. To show the blind that they are not alone in the world.
9th. To show the blind that they are not alone in the world.
10th. To show the blind that they are not alone in the world.

HISTORY OF THE AUTHOR

SECTION III.—LOSS OF SIGHT.

My name is Thomas J. McCulla. I was born February 24, 1842. I lost my sight when two months old by inflammation. In spite of the good care my parents gave me, I caught cold in my eyes, inflammation set in, doctors went to work and I became totally and hopelessly blind the rest of my life. Some folks think they would rather be deaf and dumb, lame or dead than blind, instead of thinking that it is better to submit to God's will and spend your time thanking Him for the faculties you have. We are liable to lose our sight or any other sense in perhaps as many different ways as there are people in the human race, and I believe it was God's will that the beautiful blue eyes I had when I was born, were for some who perhaps rendered useless forever. I neither grumble nor find fault with my affliction, however I might make myself and my few friends miserable. God's will must be done. We must submit to it meekly, and I willingly submit with patience and resignation.

I lost my sight at so early an age that I do not remember seeing anything but darkness. I could see light till I was eight years old, but could not see the form, color or size of any object, so I do not know how my mother looked when I was young. If I had but my sight when I was old enough to remember, I would have been a very different person like—have the same kind of character and spirit that I had that year my affliction came on. I have often thought of what I could do for my fellow-men if I had my sight. I could do a great deal of good, but I have no doubt of what I could do for my fellow-men if I had my sight. I could do a great deal of good, but I have no doubt of what I could do for my fellow-men if I had my sight. I could do a great deal of good, but I have no doubt of what I could do for my fellow-men if I had my sight.

[illegible]

place, I would
book for 15
cool me some
No day all
my dreams,
g is, and to
der, or with-
let my sight
every thing
could have
and that of
finger than it
of a case of
in order to
some
near to small
CE: number
lactates you
ed, so many
Guanxiang
which let
nailin told
longer your
the time)
has lighty
and give
into their
and fulfill
and was
wedding
natured
now doing
to become
one hour
a friend
the can
very big
and will
all day

[illegible][illegible]

...and the
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

SECTION 574—GOOD ADVICE AND COMIC

No such proceedings are allowed in the city of New York City. In fact, the Commission on the Status of the Negro in New York City, which was organized in 1944, has been working for the past several years to bring about a more equitable distribution of the Negro population in the city. The Commission has been successful in securing the passage of the Fair Housing Act, which prohibits discrimination in the sale and rental of housing on the basis of race. It has also been successful in securing the passage of the Fair Employment Practices Act, which prohibits discrimination in employment on the basis of race. The Commission has also been successful in securing the passage of the Fair Housing Act, which prohibits discrimination in the sale and rental of housing on the basis of race. It has also been successful in securing the passage of the Fair Employment Practices Act, which prohibits discrimination in employment on the basis of race. The Commission has also been successful in securing the passage of the Fair Housing Act, which prohibits discrimination in the sale and rental of housing on the basis of race. It has also been successful in securing the passage of the Fair Employment Practices Act, which prohibits discrimination in employment on the basis of race.

[illegible]

Blind people use this word in conversation to avoid a vulgar meaning being taken out of the words feel, hear, taste, smell, etc.

Some seeing people think that a blind person is entirely helpless, and cannot do anything without the assistance of sight. One day a lady who visited the New York Institution, questioned one of our boys as follows: "How do you feed yourself? Do you have to trace the way to your mouth by means of a string, or does some one have to feed you?" He said, "If you will please get me a pie I will show you." She said, "I will get you one; what kind of a pie would you like?" He said, "Custard." She got the pie, gave it to him, and when he got through eating it, he asked the lady if she understood how he fed himself. She said, "Yes." He said, "If you don't, please get me another one." The visiting day in that institution was Wednesday. One Wednesday evening a large party of visitors went into one of the music rooms. A boy, whose initial is C., was sitting at the piano. His teacher, who had perfect sight, had just given him a lesson, and left the music of his piece on the music rack. One of the visitors who was a musician, knew the piece and asked him how he read and played without his sight? He said, "I read it by smelling it." The people then turned off the gas, and he kept on playing. When he finished the piece they turned on the gas and went away, and I guess they sniffed it all over, for I have heard several times since, in different places while I was canvassing with my poetry, that the blind read music by smelling it. Now I hope you will please understand that the blind do not read music by smelling it; they have to learn it note for note from their teachers, remember it and play it off by memory, and they soon forget it all for want of practice.

SECTION SIX.—THE BLIND TELLING COLORS.

It is known by philosophy that light is produced by the undulations in waves of a definite, imperceptible motion known as ether, with which space is filled. These waves strike the retina of the eye to produce the sensation of light. Every color is produced in the following manner. The rays of light strike an object, the object absorbs some of these waves or undulations and reflects some to the eye, producing a color; so every different color is produced by a different number of waves of light reflected from

an object to the eye ; therefore no totally blind person can tell colors by touch, taste or smell. The sight is the only sense by which colors can be told. So anybody who has no sight at all has no way to tell colors. Blind people make bead work by having beads of different colors in different boxes, and knowing which box each kind is in. A good writer says in his book, that the blind can tell colors by feeling, and that their touch is so acute that some of them have been known to tell colors by feeling, even when a piece of glass was placed between their fingers and the object. But he did not say that they could feel the colors through a thin piece of tin. If they could feel them through one, they could through the other. The fact is that the writer was deceived, just as the people were who thought the blind boy read music by smelling it. A dry goods merchant once tried to teach me to tell colors by feeling the textures of different kinds of cloth and by their peculiar smell. He said if a piece of cloth has a certain texture and a certain smell, it is red, etc. I got so I could tell some new goods in this way, but not all ; but I could not tell the color of old goods, nor of paper, nor anything else. This was not telling colors by feeling, it was by learning that a certain kind of cloth had a certain texture or smell, had a color of a certain name, and by associating the name of the color with the kind of cloth. My touch is probably as acute as that of most blind persons ; for I can read raised letters by feeling through from four to eight thicknesses of a pocket handkerchief, but I cannot tell colors by feeling, and, as I said before, no totally blind person can, because touch was never made to tell colors with.

SECTION 7TH.—A FALSE ACCUSATION.

One day when I was in the young men's dressing room, one of the young men asked me if I had any money ? I said, "Yes, lots of it." In a few minutes, Mr. Babcock sent for me, and told me one of the boys had mysteriously lost twenty-three dollars, but I told him how my parents brought me up in honesty, and proved myself innocent by answering all his questions satisfactorily ; and my mother spoke to him about it when she brought me home to school after vacation. I was sorry then to be accused of stealing, but now I am glad, because the narrative helps to fill this book, worth fifteen cents.

SECTION VII. FIRE-CRACKER NOSS, AND HOW

it was that I learned to read. I learned to read by the aid of the

THE BLIND LEARNED AS, EXPOS (Hidw

During the first two months of my school life, I passed

through the primary and intermediate classes. The following

year, I passed through the fourth or next higher class. During

this year Mr. Robert G. Rankin succeeded Mr. Cooper as our

Superintendent, and he and his wife were good Christian people,

and took a great deal of interest in us. I got into only one

trouble in the school, and nearly got expelled for doing so. Mr. Rankin

pardoned me because I was young and inexperienced, and know-

ing of the dangers connected with such things. About this time,

a man whose initials are W. succeeded Mr. Rankin as Superin-

tendent. I do not give his full name, because I think he did

not treat us right; and here I wish to say, that in this book I

only give the initials instead of the full name of any person who

has treated me unkindly, and of any person who has treated me

kindly and whose feelings might be hurt by hearing of it. Mr. W.

re-arranged the classes, and I went to the

year in the sixth grade or fourth class. My third year was spent

in the primary; my fourth in the intermediate, and my fifth, sixth

and seventh in the school of higher learning. My studies were

reading, writing, spelling, grammar, arithmetic, history, geography,

philosophy, geology, botany, zoology, astronomy, natural science,

hand-work, book-binding, piano, music, and singing. We

learned our studies by hearing them read and repeating them

word for word, or substantially in our own words. This method

of teaching and learning is pursued in our schools, because our

raised-letter books are large, few and costly; our raised letters

SECTION 9TH. — MY LAST YEARS IN THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

The pupils are boarded and educated free of charge, and their parents or guardians are not able to clothe them. They are clothed by their respective families.

During the years I spent under the superintendence of Mr. W., I tried to be a good boy and live up to the Institution rules, but was not successful. One day our teacher told us in the geology class, that the lowest deposits of land on the north in the shore of the Dead Sea. I said that I had learned that there were great places in the Mediterranean Sea, where soundings to the depth of twenty seven thousand feet had failed to reach bottom, and that the bottom of the Dead Sea was below the shore of the water would be above it, and the bottom on which the water rested must be land.

Another time our teacher told us in civil government class that there was once a King in Mexico, named Montezuma. I said, "Does M-o-n-t-e-z-u-m spell Montezuma or Moscosu?" For these things, I was reported to Mr. W., and accused of trying to be smarter than my teacher.

Some weeks after, while out in the yard, somebody told me in the head of the Institution carpenter, because the doctor of the person who told me called the doctor of anybody who works in a carpenter's shop. The carpenter denied the charge and Mr. W. believed him.

Next I collected a bundle of keys from the boys, just because I wanted them. When my boy-rings were full, Mr. W. took it away from me, on that if any thing was stolen, and any of my keys fitted the locks which guarded the stolen property, I would not be held responsible. He was right, and I could have been as well would like to mention his name here. During the last few years of my stay in the Institution, petitions were sent to the New York State Legislature about closing a State Institution, probably because the New York State Institution was too small to accommodate all the boys in the State, and because a majority of them were good and well educated. The last of the petitions was the only one I signed, and I signed it by proxy. When the petition was printed, Mr. W. sent it to me and said, "An Article comes out in the Standard, saying that the Standard

against the Institution. I told him I did not sign such a document as that, but signed a petition to give the County Judges the power of appointing pupils to the new Institution. He then got up a memorial to make the matter all right. I, being young and inexperienced, signed it without understanding it. I was afraid of being expelled. If I knew as much then as now, I would study every word of the petition and memorial before signing them.

On the 29th of April, 1835, my father came to New York on business, and called to see me. When he went away Mr. Babcock came into the music room where I was practicing and said Mr. W. wished him to inform me that my term of seven years had expired, and I ought leave the Institution. There was a provision in the By-Laws of the school, that any pupil who stayed two years in the senior class, and whose scholarship and deportment was seventy-five or more, was entitled to a diploma as a graduate; and also a type-case, a point, print-case and one or more books in raised letters. I stayed nearly three years in the senior class, and my scholarship and deportment exceeded seventy-five, so my certificate showed. When I was about to leave, I asked Mr. W. for my diploma, books and case. He admitted that I was entitled to them, but did not give them to me. He made some unreasonable excuses about them, which I do not remember, and he has my diploma yet though I worked hard for it and deserved it. He can keep it if it is of more use to him than to me.

The reasons why I relate these facts are, because Mr. W. knows something of what it is to be blind, and because when I say I am a graduate of the New York City Institution for the Blind I cannot show my diploma to prove it. Mr. W. has it. Did he steal it or not? When I got through talking to Mr. W., Mr. Babcock sent for me, and what he learned that I did not get my diploma, books and case, which he said I was entitled to, he was very much displeased with the proceedings of Mr. W., and gave me two shillings, also the New Testament in raised letters at his own expense. Mr. Babcock is a gentleman. He was very patient and good to me when he was my teacher, and always treated me with kindness and respect. I was blind when I was a few weeks short of our last school, John Kennedy. He was a good pianist and one of the best tenor sing-

ers in New York State, and in addition to his accomplishments, he had an excellent moral character. I hope my readers will sometime have a chance to hear him play and sing, and if they do, I warrant them a good treat. I left the Institution on May and, 1868, and was very sorry to part with my schoolmates particularly with my friends John Fleming and John Mahoney.

SECTION 10TH.—HOME AGAIN.

I arrived home May 3rd, 1868. My father and mother gave me a cordial welcome, and soon bought me an instrument so I could practice my music. I staid home about fifteen months waiting for something to turn up by which I could do something towards supporting myself. I spent a good deal of my time practicing on the piano, and teaching a Catholic Choir. I was very much interested in that choir, and I must tell the truth, it was the best Latin choir I ever heard in Sag Harbor. It was a credit to the church and the village. It contained thirty-seven members, and there are few choirs, even in New York City, that could sing better. I taught the choir free of charge to find out how I could teach, and also because the congregation were building a new church, I spent the rest of my time sitting in the rocking-chair thinking what to do to make my living.

During these fifteen months my schoolmates sent me letters giving important information regarding the new Institution. I also learned from the letters that Mr. W. retained several pupils, not living in Kings or New York counties, including some whose school terms had expired, and transferred them to the new Institution after the vacation of 1868. Instead of retaining and transferring me, he sent me home two months before that vacation, as already stated. I suppose he disliked me and treated me so on account of the petition, the law, the dispenser, the Dead Sea and that unfortunate Mexican King Maximilian.

SECTION 11TH.—GOING TO THE BATAVIA INSTITUTION.

In May, 1869, I heard that Mr. Fisher was Superintendent, and wrote to him, but got no answer. In June of the same year, I visited the New York Institution, to attend my annual examination. Dennis Cullen, one of my former schoolmates,

told me how to proceed to become a pupil of the new Institution, and others of my former schoolmates who were transferred and were then visiting the New York Institution, confirmed Mr. Graham's testimony. When I got home I wrote to Dr. A. D. Lord, Superintendent of the N. Y. State Institution for the Blind at Batavia, Genesee County, and I became a pupil there in September, 1869. Dr. Lord was one of the most highly educated gentlemen in the United States, and also an excellent Christian. He treated his scholars so kindly that they would not do anything to displease him, but tried to please him in every respect. Instead of being strict fixed rules to govern them, he controlled them by kindness and the rules of their own common sense. If one of the pupils should say, "Dr., please give me permission to go down town," and if he did not want him to go, the Dr. would say, "You may do as you choose, but I would rather you would not go." In such cases Dr. Lord's judgment was preferred, and the same rule true regarding other matters. Instead of letting us go to church on stormy days, he would preach to us himself, and when the weather was fine, he used to let the pupils ride in his own carriage and walk to church himself, leading some of us by the arm. He was rich and well educated, but did not despise a blind person, for he was a true Christian who was thankful for his sight and preferred to teach the blind, though he could have got a much larger salary by teaching "seeing" folks in Colleges. Oh, reader, don't you wish you were like Dr. Lord? Try to live and die like him; he is dead, and may his soul find rest of all true Christians departed through the mercy of God in Jesus Amen.

Dr. Lord gave me the best advantages the school afforded and plenty of time to practice on the piano, and pursue to the

A few days later, in June, 1871, because a law was made that blind persons living in Queens or Suffolk County, must go to the New York City Institution. The school at Batavia is called New York State Institution, but is for convenience, still a Batavia Institution. I lived in Suffolk County, but Mr. W. would not take me back to the city Institution. I went home and spent another year practicing the piano and singing in the choir.

ing-chair, thinking what to do. I continued to try teaching music.

SECTION 18TH—LEAVING HOME.

There was at that time an excellent young lady in our village, who, for convenience, I will call Mrs. Springfield. She had a good intellect and was very much interested in music, but had no money to pay for lessons. I thought if I could succeed in teaching her, I could teach anybody and get plenty of scholars. I concluded to teach her free of charge, as if I failed it would not make any difference; but if I failed with one who was paying for lessons, my reputation as a teacher would be injured so I could not get another paying scholar. I began to teach Mrs. Springfield, and just when she got somewhat familiar with the keys of the piano, I stopped teaching her because my parents thought as I had studied music that year, I ought to know my abilities for teaching without trying such an experiment. I was very much disappointed and discouraged. I lay awake night after night thinking what to do for support if my parents were dead. And the only result seemed to be that I might think forever, without reaching a satisfactory conclusion. I made up my mind to solve the problem while my parents were alive, and that I would neither depend on them, nor beg, nor go to the poor-house, but rather lie down on some lonely road in a snowdrift and die. I determined to go so far away from home that I would not have money enough to get back. In order to learn what and how to do in a strange place among strangers, I composed a piece of poetry, and resolved to sell it from house to house, for five cents a copy. I thought every body would buy it according to its merits, and that nobody would be so hard-hearted as to refuse it. It was a long poem. I figured like this: New York City has one million population. About five persons in each family and two hundred thousand families, five cents from each family would bring me ten thousand dollars, but I answered myself that I was building castles in the air, and that I could not get five cents from ten families. The following is the poem:

canvass. He wanted me to stay with him and rest till the next day, but I was determined to go ahead. So he left me on the corner of Main and Vine street. The walked up Virginia street, and when the sound of his footsteps died away, I realized that I was then alone in the world, a stranger among strangers, six hundred miles away from home without my sight, and without one cent to pay for my lodging or a place to sleep. Oh, how I wished for some place where I could sit down and cry, without being seen; for although I was twenty-three years old and had a good education, I was only a stranger in the ways of the world and without my sight. Imagine yourself in my situation, standing on the corner without your sight, what would you do? I suppose you don't know, neither did I know.

SECTION 1. WHAT I DID.

I soon found out. A policeman asked me if I was lost, and where I wanted to go. I said, "To the first stage." He took me to the door, and I went in. I showed my ticket to the proprietor and he gave me two seats for the night. I had the same supper in that place for three days, then my back ached, so I had no money to spare. I didn't want any more, and some said a blind man was around two weeks ago. I gave them all copies for nothing, and told them the people took one in every store from the corner of Main and Single streets, and engaged board at a hotel for a dollar a day. When I got upstairs to my room I counted my money, which amounted to over two dollars. Perhaps you want to know how blind people count money. I tell American coins by measuring them together and feeling their edges. One, two and nickel five-cent pieces have smooth edges and different sizes, so have small threes and large threes. Silver fives, tens, twenty-fives, fifties and dollars have rough edges and different sizes. Silver twenties are smaller than fifties, and fifties are smaller than one hundred dollars. Silver tens and large threes are the same size, but the fives have rough edges and the threes smooth. I can tell the difference between the larger and the smaller, but remembering their color and how straight each kind is when I get out my money and count it saves the same, seeing people think I tell

my bills by sight, feeling so small; but I do not. Neither can any totally blind person. I think other blind persons will come and bills just as I do.

The next day I began work about nine in the morning, where I left off the day before. That day I took home about three dollars. During the six weeks I staid in Buffalo, I got the several little boys to lead me. I had to pay them fifty cents a day or five dollars a month, besides board and other expenses. Then most of them were unfaithful. They stopped in large number of houses, selected the best part of the walk for themselves and the worst for me, and caused me to stumble, fall, and sometimes hurt myself. I did not sell as many verses with a leader as without one, because some seeing people, who wanted to impose on the people, made out verses, were blind, and begged or sold songs from door to door. The people are annoyed half to death by beggars, who make out they can't speak any English, and come around with papers soliciting money, and other impostors. I think nobody should be allowed to be such an uneducated blind person, or a person so infirm as to be unable to work. And I think if a blind person can live respectable without begging, there is no need of pantheons, except for the old and infirm. Some blind men have leaders, but I think they cannot do without them. I determined to go alone to diminish my expenses, and I also determined not to wear glasses, so everybody could see my eyes.

During these six weeks I learned that if I was a resident of Buffalo, I could be a pupil in the Batavia Institution. I made up my mind I would just as leave reside in Buffalo as anywhere else, so I became a resident of that city, intending to start a broom shop and stay there the rest of my life.

SECTION 15TH. — AGAIN IN AND OUT OF THE BATAVIA INSTITUTION

My friend H., and another friend, whose name is B., did a great deal for me, and, with their assistance, I returned as a pupil to the Batavia Institution in September, 1874, and remained there nearly two years. Dr. Lord restored me to my old position, and also permitted me to work in the broom shop,

which I did to perfect myself in the trade. I did not pay so much attention to music as before, because I thought it would do me no good.

We had in the Institution a debating society, called the "Excelsior Lyceum." Its members got up a monthly paper, called the "Excelsior Star," to one number of which I contributed the following poem:

THE PEOPLE'S PRAYER.

BY THOMAS J. MCCULLIN.

O God, we come into Thy presence now,
Self-made, unworthy at Thy throne to bow,
For, in accordance with thy plan divine,
We may approach Thee, Lord, our souls are thine.

Thou art our Father: we thy children all;
Thou didst not will that we by sin should fall;
Thou didst create us moral agents, free;
Thy own choicest, to do, or follow Thee.

Thou knowest our weakness and our neediness,
Still Thou dost give us blessings numberless;
We thank Thee for them all, proofs of Thy love
Descending on us ever from above.

O, teach us how to pray, be with us now,
Prepare us Lord, before Thy throne to bow;
If when we pray our thoughts distracted be,
Accept our prayers from all distractions free.

Let us not ask, unless our souls are true,
Forgive our sins, that we may Heaven obtain;
Keep us from evil, make us know Thee more,
Love Thee and serve Thee better than before.

May we in all things do thy holy will;
As in the past, our lives with blessings fill;
Make us to live as we would like to die;
Provide for us and all our wants supply.

Remember all for whom we ought to pray,
Bless them, O God, and guide them in Thy way;
Give them the Graces which Thou sendest they need,
The homeless shelter and the hungry feed.

my
me
lea
tra
to
Ha
I
in
cert
him
he
ladi
each
"K
mean
them
I
five
mean
some
on
I
mean
The
people
the
out
curio

Believe all those who may be in distress;
 Rescue the sick, console the comfortless;
 Preserve all those who are on land or sea
 Exposed to danger, from all danger free.

Remove from earth the cause of every crime;
 Convert the world to Thee, in Thy good time;
 Make all the human race to know Thy word,
 Acknowledge Thee supreme and sovereign Lord.

Bless Thee, our friends, wherever they may be,
 Lord, sanctify their lives and ours to Thee;
 And when we die, be Heaven our portion then,
 Grant these requests in Jesus' name. Amen.

On the 9th of May, 1874, I left the Batavia Institution with my set of broom machines, which the State of New York gave me; for it gives a set of broom machines to the male pupils who leave the Batavia Institution, if they have learned the broom trade. I went to Seneca Falls, but did not have money enough to start a broom shop there, so I sent my machines to Sag Harbor, and went to Buffalo and canvassed with my poetry.

I could occupy a large work with stories of my experience in canvassing, but I will relate only a few. One afternoon, in a certain village, while opening a gate I heard a lady say, "Tell him we are Dutch." A little boy happened to be outside and he came in with me at my request. I asked him how many ladies were there? He said, "Fifteen." I told him to give each a copy of my poetry, which he did. Then I said to them, "Kennen-ge-e-lusten?" They wanted to know what that meant. I told them that as I was coming in the gate, one of them said, "Tell him we are Dutch," and the meaning of what I said in German was, "Can you read that?" I got seventy-five cents from that party. Perhaps here is a good place to mention some people's dodges. My hearing is so acute that sometimes while standing outside the door, I hear what is going on inside. Sometimes I hear the lady say to a child, "Tell him I ain't home." The child then opens the door and says, "My mudder ain't home." I say, "Who told you to say that?" The child answers, "My mudder did." Sometimes when the people of the house see me coming they go out in the yard, and when I get to the door say, "The folks are all out." So they are out in that case—out in the yard. What curious dodges some people have to save a few cents, as they go

dodging through the world. It is easy to dodge a blind man and the gates of Heaven; but no one can dodge God. The blind, who cannot well find their way through the world, and who have not on earth the pleasures and treasures which some seeing people have, may find their way into Heaven, and enjoy its pleasures and treasures forever.

SECTION 16th.—GETTING MARRIED—VIEWS ON

MARRIAGE

While I was in Buffalo, I took a notion to get married, because I had a number of good chances. Several well-educated young ladies, who had good education and perfect sight, would willingly become my wife, because my education was quite good, and I could play piano well on the piano; but I could not form an attachment for any of them, because their looks and dispositions seemed to differ from mine. I wanted a wife with a disposition like my own, regardless of education or wealth. The only girl I could find in my travels, who had all the traits of character and the disposition I required, was a pupil in the Betsy Institution, her name was Minnie Morrison. On the 3rd of June, I left Buffalo with fifty dollars in my pocket, and went to Erie, Pa., where she lived, and was not long in making the necessary arrangements, and we got married at Amsterdam, N. Y., June 20th, 1854, and I am glad of it. Since Minnie became my wife, God has blessed me, and I have taken in more money on an average, every day I worked, since I got married than before, without telling anyone whether I had a wife or not. Minnie cannot see perfectly, but she can see enough to take proper care of herself and me. Perhaps you want to know why I am now a pupil of the Institution. Any person of suitable age and character, who cannot see enough to study in common schools with seeing children, may become a pupil in the School for the Blind. I think it proper here to give my views about blind persons getting married. I think the loss of sight deprives the blind of a great number of privileges which cannot be enjoyed without the sight, and men should not diminish the number nor kinds of privileges God has left them, and I wish every word of the sentence just now read, to be literally understood. There was a time when the blind were put to death, because it was thought they were an eye in the

followed. We wandered round the village in search of a boarding-house from early morning till late at night. At last it suited quite well and life. I took Hay for twelve to twenty or five dollars each per week. During our stay in London, I told the proprietors of the house, that I had studied music eleven years and could play on the piano, and asked permission to entertain their guests. Most of them said they didn't care whether or I had studied music or not; they believed I couldn't play; would not let me try and did not want him to diminish on their places anyhow. Others said their guests did not want to hear me play, and a few said they had friends amongst the society, and their guests would play well enough to entertain themselves. In the Grosvenor Street House we were well received and gave a party entertainment, which highly pleased the guests. The proprietors of the Temple Grove House, received us kindly, but when we got to the parlor, and before I touched the piano, the guests whom we were told, walked out and left one old gentleman and a few more children to be our audience. Right here I wish to tell you that I am sometimes invited to play and sing, and that people, instead of coming into the room where I am, get off with some other party, and go away as possible, and leave a few children to hear us sing music. Sometimes when I sing and sing, the folks all come in, but instead of stopping till a few minutes till I am through, they talk, whisper and laugh. These are acts of great impudence which no well-bred lady or gentleman should commit, and in such cases when I finish a piece, they say "That is splendid, give us another." I should never put myself in such a position and say

Now, friends, do not be offended. I mention these things because I know you want to do to others as you wish others to do to you. I notice all such matters. If you have a piano, organ or melodeon and you invite me in, all come as near as you can to the piano, as you can hear me sing, leaving my voice is not strong, and please listen attentively till I am through. I am not an expert player as I used to be, because I have forgot the most of my studies, and of course, and my friends have been spoiled by following the fashion to hear the piano. Many are conversing in different manners and I cannot hear of what they have my voice. Please do not make me feel lonely and make all the allowance for my imperfections that you can.

I
listen
feel
O
went
the
across
in the
my
man
him
Then
but
find
The
comp

I have mentioned all these things about some people's impoliteness, because most of my readers have good, kind hearts and feel sorry as I do for the blind who I have alluded to.

One day after my adventure in the Temple Grove House, I went into a barber-shop on Manchester. The shop was full so the barber gave me a chair and sent me to the barber shop across the way in a few minutes. When I got in that shop, the head-barber, without knowing or caring what my business was, called a customer and said, "Get that blind man out of here!" The other man said to me, "And I asked him what law I had broken, or what offence I had committed. Then I told him my business. He said I had done nothing, but he had to obey orders and he ordered me to leave trouble by finding another barber shop, which I did."

The treatment which I received at Saratoga caused me to compose the following poem:

ACTS OF A VERY FEW PEOPLE

BY THOMAS J. MCCULLIN.

I know of folk who in a single night
While they were sleeping, were deprived of sight;
How thankful those who have their sight should be
To God for giving them their eyes to see.

Some are not thankful; but are so unkind
As to deride a person who is blind;
They do not think how, in a single night,
The Lord, who gave, can take away their sight.

The blind, who have no sight, are very true
What to do, they know not, and they are
Let me tell you, if you will, what I have done
Because I was so blind, and could not see.

My eyes were closed, and I was in a dream
My hands were on my face, and I was blind
They were so close, and I was in a dream
Well, I guess we don't wait any to-day.

Some, for love, have given a special sign
By calling out to the Lord, and saying
God has made me blind, and I am blind
Because I was so blind, and could not see.

The Lord, who gave, can take away their sight
The Lord, who gave, can take away their sight
The Lord, who gave, can take away their sight
The Lord, who gave, can take away their sight.

The Lord, who gave, can take away their sight
The Lord, who gave, can take away their sight
The Lord, who gave, can take away their sight
The Lord, who gave, can take away their sight.

The Lord, who gave, can take away their sight
The Lord, who gave, can take away their sight
The Lord, who gave, can take away their sight
The Lord, who gave, can take away their sight.

[illegible]

And lay by money for me in a cup,
Or somewhere else, to have the gold they lay upon
When I am dead, as my collection
Out of the collection of money which is now in the
And other business, but as long as I am
These things change of my money
I have been very busy in the
For all the good that I have done
God's name be praised in the
God's name be praised in the
When we have done the work of the
I have been very busy in the
For all the good that I have done
God's name be praised in the
God's name be praised in the
When we have done the work of the

SECTION 18TH. — ENTERPRISE AND WORK.

I left Saratoga, broke up partnership with Burns, and can-
vassed Gloverville and Johnstown with my new poem. I gave
a concert in Johnstown and cleared, sixty-seven dollars, besides
expenses. Then I went with my wife to Sag Harbor. We
arrived there October 20th, 1874. During our stay there I
worked some at the broom business, which did not pay, because
the grocers could buy ready-made brooms cheaper than I could
buy the corn, handles, wire, etc. Then I engaged in another
enterprise. I got some names containing the names and address-
es of nearly all the Good Templars, Sons of Temperance
Divisions, Worthy Chiefs, and Worthy Patriarchs in the
United States. I composed a poem, and sent twenty copies with
a circular and stamped envelope, to nearly all the addresses I
had, for the purpose of doing something for Temperance and
something to make money for the cause. I am sorry to say
some of the Worthy Chiefs, Past Masters and Worthy Patriarchs did
not do their part. So, after I recovered the money I invested, I
abandoned the enterprise. A number of them responded nobly,
and performed their part well, and no doubt God was pleased
with their efforts. The following is that circular and poem:

SAG HARBOR, N. Y., 1875.

Brother Templar, Dear Sir :

I thank Providence for this opportunity of introducing myself to you, as an earnest advocate of Temperance. My name is THOMAS J. McCULLIN. I am a member of Oriental Lodge, No. 267, I. O. of G. T., M. E. Rite, N. Y., and Agawam Division, No. 117, S. of T., in Sag Harbor, N. Y.

The seeming neglect of some of our members in their Temperance duties, led me to think seriously, and I am resolved that if being deprived of earthly vision, would do anything for the Temperance cause, those who have their sight could do vastly more, for they have more facilities than I. So I concluded that the best way I could reach, would be to compose a poem, containing some good views, and circulate it among the friends of Temperance. I have composed it and send some copies that you may judge of its merits. I would like each member to obtain one ; not to remunerate me in a pecuniary way, but that all may profit by reading and studying these words. " The world's conversion is delayed by Rum."

To obtain this end, I would have every member to accept one free of charge, but not yet being able to do so, I must ask a small price for each copy, to defray my necessary expenses, incurred by printing, postage, etc.

If you think them worthy, please recommend to your Lodge, and see that they are distributed among the members, by you or some other responsible person, so that all may have an opportunity to read them. Perhaps the most appropriate time would be the next meeting of your Lodge, during recess, or good of the order ; however you will know best. If I have not sent copies enough for all, and may desire to receive, please let me know how many and I will forward them. I enclose a stamped envelope with my address printed on it, to secure the return safely and promptly.

Hoping that the circulation of my poem will accomplish my purpose, and consequently give pleasure to you and your Lodge.

I remain yours in Faith, Hope and Charity.

THOMAS J. McCULLIN,
Sag Harbor, Suffolk Co., N. Y.

1875.

my-
name
Lodge,
Gawam

in their
involved
ing for
do vast-
cluded
poem,
friends
toe that
labor to
out that
The

cept one
ask a
not in

Lodge,
you or
opportu-
a world
of the
copies
know
ped pe-
a safely
had
my
d my
of the
abund
No for
the

THOUGHTS ON TEMPERANCE AND INTEMPERANCE

BY THOMAS A. CROFT

The Author of these verses was born February second 1809. Lost his sight by inflammation when two months old. He was educated in New York City and New York State Institution for the Blind, the latter at Seneca. He believes that part of his mission in life is to speak for the Temperance cause, and that the best way to do so is to compose his poems among the people. Friends, please write the addresses of its contributors, study well the views it contains, especially in the last line, and obtain a copy for any acquaintance who might profit by reading it.

There are the pleasures of the world, and all that
From living things procure abundance
Of useful things, delicious and sweet
But in the end but understood by all,
Is using as a by-product, the
Intoxicating drink in a social manner
We designate them by the name of Intemperance
Of all the pleasures of the world, the most
This is the pleasure of the soul, the most
If we only seek the pleasures of the world
The pleasures of the world would be destroyed
The pleasures of the world are all that
But the pleasures of the soul are all that
So we can neither have the pleasures of the world
With all our power, and all the church, and press,
Must be content to do this with success

OTHER

SECTION

During the winter of 1875, I was
employed as a teacher in the
New York State Institution for the
Blind, at Seneca. It was during
this time that I composed these
verses. I have since revised them
and added a few new lines. I
trust they will be found worthy
of the name of Intemperance.
I do not wish to be understood
as claiming any originality in
them, but I feel that they are
worthy of the name of Intemperance.

THE UNIVERSE COULD NOT EXIST IN SPACE

The universe could not exist in space
If one star thought its office not in place,
It is our duty unto God and man
To do for Temperance, every thing we can,
This is our mission, if we fill our place,
Intemperance will ruin for the human race.
Great is the harvest, but our laborers few—
Though one can do much, many more can do.

The Author of these verses was born in the year 1844, and is a native of the State of New York. He is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is a fervent advocate of the cause of Temperance. He has written several books and tracts, and is a frequent lecturer on the subject of Temperance. He is a man of great energy and ability, and his verses are full of truth and beauty.

It is a common error, to suppose that
Remembrance of sinners, murdered are,
Intemperance kills more than disease or war,
Who are tempted, thus, to sin, and
To do this, is to sin, and to sin is to die,
The even more, to sin, is to die,
Laws which are made, to keep the people from sin,
Are not made, to keep the people from sin,
A tree that is the root of evil,
Then from the root, the fruit will grow,
So will the fruit, from the root, grow,
The path of Temperance, is the path to Heaven,
Rom is a path, to a good man,
God's good man, is a good man,
To think and act, as the Christian's law,
The world's conversion, is the world's law.

SECTION SAG HARBOR AND OTHER

PLACES

During the winter of 1874, Prof. J. A. Van Houten, an excellent violinist, of Sag Harbor, engaged me several times to play accompaniment for singing, etc., at from three to five dollars a night. He is a very good man, and he told me off sometimes over fifty miles in play, for a dance, because he said he thought me the best accompaniment player he could find. I do not relate this to make myself out as it is my object to tell the truth in the world, and I know I can play a good accompaniment in any way, with any good violinist,

without previous practice, for any dance, party or reception, and I guarantee to give good satisfaction, or take no pay, and I am willing to furnish a few dollars, if necessary, to any that to prove what I have just said. I am generally home in the winter, and if the people of Oswego wish to engage me to play second violin at a ball, or on a ball-room, where good violin is for any party, consisting of cents, I am at their service. Andrew Thomas J. McCarthy, 103 West 8th St., Oswego, N. Y. If the people of any other town where I am conversing wish to engage me to play accompaniments for parties, ball-rooms or dances, while I am in that town, I am at their service, and I can be found at my boarding place. I do not usually approve of all kinds of dancing, but I think it is no harm for me to play for a respectable party at any time, to help to earn my bread in Boston, so call on me on all such occasions.

On the 7th of June, 1878, I left Sag Harbor, with my wife and went to Baldwinsville, then to Baldwinsville, where we began housekeeping. I am used to Baldwinsville and the surrounding, and one day, while walking along a street in Baldwinsville, I struck something with my cane, and it was a lady's dress. I said, "Excuse me, ma'am, I am sorry to be a lady's dress." A large number of people who happened to be standing around heard what I said, so they set up a howl to laugh. I asked them what was the matter, they said, "What do you think you struck with your cane?" I said, "a lady's dress," and they said no, "it was the tail of a horse." Then they had another laugh and I joined in the chorus.

In Baldwinsville I became acquainted with a gentleman, an Agent for the Picture Copying Company, Mr. Wm. W. Bradley; he found me a good boarding place in Oswego, and I arrived in that city December 4th, 1878. Mr. Bradley met me at the depot, and took me to the home of Mrs. E. Jones, who then lived at 14 West 14th St. She showed me to my room, and only took dollars a week, which was less than the hotel kept. She was good to me and treated me very kindly. I worked most of the winter, but that winter, 1878, was extremely cold, and I was not able to work. One cold day, while conversing with a lady, I said, "I am sorry to be a lady's dress." She said, "What do you think you struck with your cane?" I said, "a lady's dress," and she said no, "it was the tail of a horse." Then they had another laugh and I joined in the chorus.

name was Mrs. B. Selts. I accepted the invitation and gave the family a parlor entertainment, with which Mr. and Mrs. Selts were well pleased, and they invited me to stay with them two weeks, free of charge. I accepted this kind offer and left the house of Mrs. Jones. During my visit, I proposed the idea of teaching a few songs to their daughter Emma. The proposition was accepted, and I began to give her piano lessons. When the two weeks were expired, Mr. and Mrs. Selts wanted me to board with them at twelve shillings a week till I finished canvassing the city. Miss Emma Selts proved to be quite a good scholar, and her parents thought if I lived in Oswego, I might continue to teach her, and perhaps get more pupils. I knew very well that there was nothing in Baldwinsville for me to do, so I moved to Oswego. Mr. and Mrs. Selts took such an interest in me that some of the people in Oswego believed them to be my relatives. I will say here they are not relatives. I never heard the name of Selts, till I heard it from Mrs. Selts herself, that cold day when I canvassed West 9th St., and came to her house by chance. Mr. Selts is a man of only moderate means, and though many people of more means in Oswego and other places had, and have better opportunities to assist me, he was the first who embraced the chance. Since I became acquainted with him, he has saved me many a dollar in business transactions and otherwise. I hope to find other persons in my life, whose names and Christian deeds, like those of Mr. and Mrs. B. Selts, I can record in this work, and which God can record in the book of life.

[SECTION 20TH.—HARD TIMES AND RELIEF.]

I moved to Oswego in April, 1876, and started keeping a trunk store, but the large stores were running in opposition, and sold goods as cheap as I could buy them wholesale, so we soon ate up our little stock, in which the money I made canvassing was invested, and we became so reduced in circumstances, that one cold day in January, 1877, my wife and I were without a bite in the house to eat, a stick of wood to burn, or a cent of money. The neighbors did not know it. We did not, nor could not tell them, because we thought if we happened to

ask relief of any one who was unwilling to trade at our little store, it might be given unwillingly, or might not be given at all. I was, and would be willing to die, but I wanted some bread to give my Minnie, and some wood to keep her warm. I began to chop up our chairs and tables to burn, but God, who knows and sees all things, saw our condition and sent us aid. While I was chopping up one of the chairs, a young man named W. H. Newton, called and knocked at the door; he wanted me to play the piano that evening at his home, nearly two miles away, and I went, but did not tell him our circumstances. When I got through playing, Mr. Newton's family, and another good family named Meeker, gave me two dollars and a nice basket of provisions. While we were using up these provisions, I applied to have the poor master pay my rent, but got no satisfaction. Then I called on a friend, who has been very much interested in me since he made my acquaintance. His name is Dennis Hayes; He is a gentleman of excellent qualities and traits of character, and he is highly respected and esteemed by all who know him. I told Mr. Hayes that I was short of money, and asked him to aid me in getting up an entertainment. He kindly consented, and he and his family, together with other kind friends, including the Father Matthew Temperance Society, gave an entertainment for my benefit, in the basement of St. Mary's Church, Oswego, January 16th, 1877, and I realized thirty-five dollars, which supported me and my wife till the weather got warm enough for me to go out canvassing. We are thankful to Mr. Hayes and the other kind friends who assisted him on our behalf, and language fails to express our feelings of gratitude to them. I must mention here that when I was so laid up, in January, 1877, Mrs. Setts, without my knowledge, collected nearly five dollars among my neighbors and bought me a pair of boots, for which I thank her and all who contributed with a willing heart.

SECTION XII.—TRYING TO GET MY SIGHT.

As I have stated before, my left eye is covered with a film; I think if that film could be taken off, I would be able to see. I have consulted doctors,—some of them think the film can be removed, and others think not; but regardless of their ideas, I

will have hopes as long as I live. I am totally blind now, and can't be any worse. If I could see a little, I would not let any doctor meddle with my eyes, because we hear of wonderful cures being performed, but seldom see the persons cured, and it seems that people cannot be cured in their own village or city. They have to go abroad; they go from New York to a great doctor in Boston, and the people of Boston go from three to a great doctor in New York, etc. I do not propose to travel from one place to another to find a doctor, but if I happen to meet one, I am willing to ask him for his free advice, and if he will operate on my eye and give me my sight, I will pay him when the cure is effected and not before; if he don't cure me, I won't pay him at all. I am sure no sensible person would blame me for trying in any and every way, to get my sight. I have put several things into my eye to grind off the film, but it is there yet. I have used whites of eggs, burned alum, hen's oil, sweet oil, pounded soap, pulverized white sugar, resin, ointment, salve, etc. On the 25th of February, 1877, I became acquainted with a Spiritual Medium, who said my eye could be cured with the assistance of spirit power. He doctored my eye free of charge. When the days were too stormy to go to his house, he used to come to mine, and this fact made me think he was sincere in his belief. His manner of operating was to lay the fingers of his left hand on my eye and keep them there about five minutes, and when he took his hand off, my eye felt weak and tired out. He used to give me reports from the spirits regarding the progress of my eye, which were always favorable. This medium lives in Oswego, and the people soon found out that he was doctoring my eye, and whether there are such things as spirits or not, the fact is that any two persons who did not know each other, and who looked at my eye the same day, noticed exactly the same changes in my eye, with regard to the difference of color or the number of spots, and I certainly cannot account for that. I took one hundred and forty-four treatments; sometimes one a day, and sometimes two a day, but could not see light. The spirits reported that the film would soon break, but I had neither money to support myself nor time to wait, for the weather got warm and I had to go out conversing, so I left off receiving the treatments, and I am indebted to the medium for this treatment, but I am not satisfied with the result. I have been advised to see a doctor, but I don't think I should do so.

SECTION 22.—NOT ALL SUNSHINE.

Some people seem to pass through the world without much trouble, but I am not one of them, and if I was only to write the pleasant events of my life, I would not have quarter enough of reading matter to fill this little book, and of course I might have to sell verses the rest of my days; but in order to stop selling poetry, I had to write this book, and record on its pages a few of the unpleasant events of my history. I am not ashamed to tell the truth, but I am sorry to have such truths to tell.

On the 5th of June, 1877, I went to Mexico, Oswego County, N. Y., to canvass it. I arrived there in the evening, about eight o'clock, and tried to get board in a hotel, kept by a man named Barret. I gave his name in full, because I think it is right to do so. Mr. Barret refused to board me; he handed me ten cents and said that would do me, as far as sympathy was concerned, but he was not willing to accommodate me. I asked him what would I do, and where could I lodge. If all the hotel keepers treated me so? He swore an oath at me and said, "He didn't care where I went or what I did; he wished I would fall into the creek and sleep there." I told him there was a law which would compel hotel keepers to receive and entertain travellers. He said no law would make him accommodate a man if he didn't want to. I did not proceed with him according to law, but went away.

Now friends you cannot blame me for requesting you as I do in the beginning of this book, to enquire and see that I have a suitable place to board, while I am canvassing your town.

I wandered around the village of Mexico till after eleven o'clock that night, when it began to rain, and I found a hotel called the Empire House, where I was kindly received. While canvassing the village, nearly all the people treated me kindly, and I found a great many friends, but one more thing occurred there which I must record. I called at the house of a minister, whose initials are H. F.; he refused to look at my verses, he told me to leave it at his house. In a few days I called again at his house, and asked his wife for permission to speak to Mr. H. F. She said, in an angry tone, "That he was in his study and could not be seen." she also refused to look at my verses or let me

40
leave them, because her husband refused to. I told her that I didn't know how such proceedings could be in accordance with the true christianity taught in the Bible, and that I would publish her and Mr. H. in print. She said she didn't care if I gave them forty volumes. I gave a concert soon after and published them from the stage. Some of his friends who claimed to know his reasons for treating a blind man so, got mad because I published him, but the large majority of the people were well pleased and said I did not give him half enough. I heard he afterwards told that he had seen me in Oswego where he used to preach; that he did not know anything against me but heard I was in the habit of drinking and that he expected an increase in family, and did not want me to call, because his wife might see me. I think this could not be the case, for I understand conditions were not favorable. His story was circulated after I had spoken to his wife and you know that God who made us all, is good and will not deform or mark one of his children for any kindness done to another.

With regard to the story about my intemperance, I will say that I have never tasted liquor or tobacco in my life, and no one has ever seen me do so, but I have played the piano in the sitting-rooms of a hotel to help to earn my bread. I do not know anything against my own character, and certainly no one else does, unless they make something up, and with regard to Mr. and Mrs. H., the church is not responsible for their proceedings, they are responsible themselves. One of Christ's Apostles fell, and anyone is liable to err and tell no matter what his position in life may be.

After leaving Mexico, I went to Puleau, then to Hannibal, where a kind gentleman named Albert Williams made my acquaintance and boarded me free of charge. Next I went to Welcott and put up at the Welcott House for five dollars a week. While conversing with Welcott I said the people as usual what he was paying, and a woman whose initial is B. said she would board me for three dollars a week. On the evening of that day, I started for her house, but a crowd of people immediately gathered and blocked the street so I could not get through. They wanted to know was I going to board with Mrs. B. I said, "I had to board with her for I could not

find a cheaper place." They said "they were sorry for me," and told me if I had any money I had better sleep with my boots on, and a lady named Mrs. H. E. Sulta, told me I was welcome to board with her for three dollars a week. I went to the house of Mrs. B. that night, because I promised to go, and I always try to keep my promise, but I did not sleep though the family treated me well, and none of them tried to molest me. Next day I went to the house of Mrs. Stulta, where I was kindly treated, and where I stayed while I remained in Wolcott. Then I canvassed Red Creek, Adams and Watertown. The people of Watertown treated me kindly, and only one person in the whole city shut the door in my face, her initial is V. The people of the city used to give me money out of the children's money banks, when they had no pennies in the house, and they used to give money to their children and make them put it into my hand, as they said, to teach them charity. May God bestow his blessings on the people of Watertown for trying so hard to live up to and teach their children true christian virtue.

SECTION 23.—LAST REMARKS.

Many suppose that blind persons must beg. I think most of them will not beg if encouraged in any lawful business. Some people buy books, groceries or other articles from a seeing peddler or store keeper, according to their merits; knowing and feeling that they have received full value for their money, but when they buy anything from a blind person, though, perhaps double the worth of their money, instead of buying according to merits and value, they say they buy it to help a blind person. It is good and right to help the blind, but I think people should encourage them in doing right and buy from them just the same as from seeing folks, knowing and feeling that they are getting the worth of their money. I find that people who have a blind son or daughter, brother or sister, generally have more feeling and sympathy for the blind than people who have not, because they know what affliction is. When I am canvassing, sick people often send for me and request me to be brought to their bedside so they can see me, and they tell me it is better for me to be blind and have my health, than to have my sight and be like them.

I tell you the afflicted know what it is to be afflicted, and one of the best ways for people to show their thankfulness to God for their health and the faculties they have is to be kind and do all they can for a blind person, or for any one who is afflicted. The blind are generally thankful for any kindness or present given with a free and willing heart; I know I am for one. They so seldom get large presents in money that when they do it ought to be mentioned in print.

Ex-Governor Morgan, of New York State, one day gave a blind man twenty dollars: I think it was for playing the piano. I understand that Ex-Governor Samuel J. Tilden of York State, one day gave a blind man fifteen dollars in an envelope, on the back of which was written, "Do not spend this money for liquor." That is not "Tilden and rum," which was the inscription on some of the banners exhibited in the processions, during the Presidential campaign of 1876.

The largest money present I ever got from one person at once, was one dollar.

You will find in reading this book, that I have told a few of the sharp truths which I learned while selling my verses. The experience of many other blind people in that business, seems to be the same or worse than mine. One blind man told me that the authorities of Worcester, Mass. would not allow him to sell his verses in that city. This poem was the blind man's appeal.

I hope you will consider this book worth 15 cents, and give it a place among your other books.

I am very thankful to all my readers, to all who have bought this book, and to all who have assisted me or may assist me in any way during my life. I cannot go around in the winter, so if you know of any body who has not a copy of this book, please let them to have one. Any body wanting one of these books can get one from me at my boarding house in the town which I am now visiting, or they can send me a letter with 15 cents in it, and do not forget to put in a piece of paper with your name and post office address on it. I will send you one of these books for every 15 cents you send me, unless you send otherwise. Please send your letter to

J. McCOLLIN
100 West Eighth Street, O'Connell, N. Y.

d one
God
d do
cted.
given
ry so
ught

ave a
ano,
ate,
the
y for
e in-
ons,

nce,
w
e of
The
ems
that
sell
an's

give
ht
in
so if
eae
oks
ich
in
the
oks
tall
gill
os
not
ure

